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NARRATIVE

OF A

JOURNEY

TO

BRUSSELS

AND

COBLENTZ.

1791.

36986

BY

HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY

LOUIS XVIII.

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro.

Hor. l. 1. od. 6.

LONDON:

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

SINCE the publication of the famous Manuscript from Saint Helena, which was attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte, even by those who had been accustomed to be nearest his person, and thought themselves competent to decide on the peculiarities of the style; the public has become more diffident with respect to literary curiosities of the same kind. As a profound connoisseur in wines, after having been once deceived with respect to their growth and age, no longer ventures to rely on his palate—the modern reader is not satisfied with recognising in a work the intellectual habits and characteristic style of the author, whose name appears on the title page. In his dread of becoming the dupe of his own imagination, he requires incontestable and palpable proofs:—nothing but autograph writing, well and sufficiently attested, will satisfy him. He will hardly dispense with a notarial certificate in due form of law.

Have we, then, these unquestionable and convincing proofs to offer, on behalf of the work we are

now publishing under the name of his most Christian Majesty, the present King of France? We boldly answer in the negative. But if the reader will consider, that the work is openly published at Paris, under the government of the Royal Author, with the names of a very respectable printer and bookseller*; and that it has consequently been subjected, previously to publication, to all the requisite formalities, we have no doubt that he will readily dispense with any other proof.

Besides, if he will appeal to the testimony of his own judgment, he will easily recognise in this little work, intrinsic proofs of authenticity, as well in the turn of thought as in the style.

We will add but one word relative to the historical interest of this publication: it chiefly lies in the explanation it affords of certain facts which have hitherto remained unknown, or doubtful: we think it unnecessary to point them out to the reader's sagacity.

* M. Tastu, printer; M. Baudouin, bookseller. It is of the latter that we have purchased the exclusive right of printing this little work in England.

LOUIS STANISLAS XAVIER DE FRANCE

TO

ANTOINE LOUIS FRANÇOIS D'AVARAY,

HIS LIBERATOR,

WITH FEELINGS OF THE DEEPEST GRATITUDE.

I am aware, my dearest friend, that you are engaged in drawing up an account of the circumstances connected with the period of my restoration to liberty; no one is more competent than yourself, to convey a proper knowledge of what you have done. However, I undertake this also myself; your modesty may possibly restrain you from doing yourself entire justice; to supply this deficiency, is to me a duty as sacred, as it is pleasing, to fulfil. I should be guilty of ingratitude, were I to

suffer any one whomsoever, even yourself, to deprive my liberator of the least portion of that glory which is due to him.

It is, therefore, much more with this view than that of retracing to myself the recollection of events which will be ever present to my thoughts, that I write this account.—Receive it as a pledge of my tender friendship, as a testimony of my gratitude.—May it serve to acquit a part of that obligation which I have contracted with so much pleasure, although with less than what I feel in thinking that I shall never be wholly discharged from it.

NARRATIVE

OF

A JOURNEY, &c.

Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro.

Hor. l. i. ode 6.

THE reports of the King's intended flight, which were current in the month of April 1790, induced me to think of my own departure. I deemed it expedient to admit Peronnet, who then had the care of my wardrobe, into my confidence, because he was more capable than any other person in my service,

of making every necessary arrangement relative to my luggage, and also because I was then as certain of his fidelity, as I am now that he has served me so well. The rumours I have mentioned subsided, and we therefore naturally deferred the execution of our scheme to a more favourable opportunity. I spoke to the Queen on the subject; she assured me that neither the King nor herself had done any thing to justify such a report; but added, that sooner or later it must come to that, and promised to give me timely notice, advising me to keep constantly in readiness.

The persecution which was kindled towards Easter 1791, and the resolution which the King was compelled to adopt, convinced me

that I had now only the choice of apostacy or martyrdom: the former I looked upon with horror; and for the latter I felt no great vocation. Madame de Balbi and myself conversed much on the subject, and concluded that there was a third course which might be adopted, namely, to leave a country in which it would shortly become impossible to perform one's religious duties. There was no time to lose: Good-Friday was arrived: Easter day was to be the fatal period. We agreed to set out by night, in Madame de Balbi's carriage; that lady, Madame, myself, and some fourth person, were to compose the party. It will readily be imagined that this was not the first time of my thinking of a travelling companion; and I had, in the

first instance, thought of d'Avaray, of whom I was as sure as of myself. But surrounded and beloved as he was, by a numerous family, living in the utmost harmony together, I thought there would be as many obstacles to his flight as to my own. My principal reason, however, was an apprehension, that from the delicacy of his health, he would be unable to endure the fatigues of such an enterprize. I then cast my eyes on * * * * * *; but why name him? Should this account meet his sight, he will find that a refusal, which was grounded on very good reasons, as my respect for truth obliges me to allow, has not induced me to forget a friendship of twenty years; and I flatter myself that he will feel obliged by my silence. I set out for the Tuileries, leav-

ing Madame de Balbi a kind of credential letter for him, and went to inform the King and Queen of my design. They were then occupied with their own project of escape, the plan of which they had not communicated to me; nor had they disclosed their intention to me otherwise than by requesting some materials, which answered no purpose, for the declaration which the King published on his departure. They were apprehensive that my escape would impede their own, and endeavoured to dissuade me from my purpose. My reason was little affected by what they said, but my heart sympathised with them, and I yielded. In the mean time, Madame de Balbi, having met with a refusal from the individual alluded to, found herself in the most

cruel perplexity, when providence (for I will boldly defy the most obstinate sceptic to ascribe the honour to chance) led d'Avaray to her house. It is true that he had long been desirous of doing what he did for me; that he had even insinuated this wish, though diffidently, to Madame de Balbi, more than once; and that he was accustomed to visit her: but he did not usually come at that hour; and I cannot but consider that providence must have conducted him thither on that day, when his presence was most necessary. She did not hesitate to make him the proposal; and although it was a painful task to be merely the passive agent (if the expression may be allowed) of a scheme which he had not concerted; and although he had not time to take any measure whatever, either

on his own account or mine, he accepted it without a moment's hesitation. The only pain he felt arose from my having originally chosen another person instead of him. He instantly hastened to collect for me every thing that the shortness of the time would permit; but on his return to the Luxembourg, he found my determination already altered. Nor was it until I arrived there, that I heard of the refusal and acceptance which had taken place in my absence. The former surprised me; it would perhaps have caused me some agitation, had I been less affected by the latter. I felt, however, a moment's embarrassment on seeing d'Avaray; but his friendship for me, and the pleasure he felt in giving me a striking proof of it, were so well expressed in what he said to

me, that he quickly banished from my thoughts the injustice I had done him, in forbearing to obey my first impulse.

Before I proceed farther with this narrative, I think it right to anticipate a reproach which my readers have a right to make me. Aware, as I was, of a great number of the ties which d'Avaray was about to break for my sake, how could I possibly omit to evince any sensibility towards him on this account? and how can it be accounted for, that throughout this relation, I always speak of his joy as if it had been pure, and unmixed with bitterness? Let the reader, ere he censure me, place himself in my situation. My captivity was become so intolerable to me, particularly of

late, that I had but one passion left—the desire of liberty. I thought of that only, and saw every object, if I may so express myself, through the prison which this desire placed before my eyes. Those who have suffered the anguish of captivity, or have formed a correct idea of its miseries, from the relations of others, will at least consider it an extenuation of my fault, if they cannot entirely acquit me of blame. D'Avaray himself made this allowance for my conduct; his tender friendship for me is the unquestionable pledge of this liberality; and if I represent the state of his mind very different from what it actually was, it is because I describe it, not as it was in reality, but as it appeared to me.

We did not, however, totally abandon our scheme: but having now time before us, we began to reflect seriously upon it, and speedily discovered that it was defective in several points; particularly in the intention we had entertained of departing together: and it was resolved, according to d'Avaray's advice, that we should separate. He undertook to provide a post-coach for himself and me. He also assisted in procuring the necessary disguise for me; he himself measured me for a wig; but as he could not perform all that was requisite himself, he asked me whether I could not appoint some one to assist him. I pointed out Peronnet, and proposed, as I had done in the preceding November, to admit him into

our confidence. This d'Avaray was unwilling to do; and accordingly, whilst he gave him particular orders relative to my dress, he spoke in a very vague manner with regard to the object of his instructions; intending to give him further information at a future period, according to the degree of confidence which he should appear to deserve.

At the same time several things occurred which alarmed us; whether our project had in some degree taken wind, or whether our gaolers were merely become more suspicious. We observed that we were more vigilantly watched, and that M. de Romeuf, aide-de camp to M. de La Fayette, frequently came to walk in the courts of the Luxembourg.

We also heard that the city of Valenciennes, through which we intended to pass, and which had previously been one of the quietest towns in the kingdom, was totally altered; that travellers were stopped and searched there; and that several persons had even been ill-treated. Finding that, on account of the former circumstance, it would be difficult for us to set out from Madame de Balbi's, as we had at first intended, she endeavoured to procure us a country house in the environs of Paris; but without success. Madame de Maurepas refused to lend her her seat of Madrid; M. d'Etioles, who at first wished to let his house at Neuilly, retracted:. Lady Kerry thought proper to take that of Madame de Boufflers at Auteuil; and the agents

of the count d'Artois declined lending Bagatelle without his authority, or at least without that of M. de Bonnieres, who at that period was gon eto Ulm, to meet the count. All this perplexed us greatly. In the mean time, Madame de Balbi had provided herself with a regular passport to go to Spa, as a measure of precaution which might possibly prove useful. And on the supposition that the moment was at hand, she had thought of borrowing M. de Fontette's house, which adjoins the gardens of the Luxembourg, and by which we could easily go out without being perceived. At the end of May, she received news, which induced her to go to pass a few days at Brussels. The Queen, whom I asked whether she had any commands

to give her for M. de Mercy, asked me, in reply, whether she intended to make a long stay in the Netherlands; and on my saying she would only pass ten or twelve days there, "*So much the better*," said she; "*but let it not be longer.*" She set out on Ascension-day (June 2): I expected her to return on Whitsun-eve; instead of which I received a letter from her, informing me that her return was deferred. It will readily be conceived that d'Avaray was not idle in her absence, and as to what relates to Madame, it is as well to say here, once for all, that Madame Gourbillon, her reader, was entrusted with every thing, and acquitted herself with equal intelligence and success.

On Monday in Whitsun-week, as the Queen returned from mass, she said to me: "*The King has given orders to go to the procession of Corpus-Christi day*, at Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois; do you appear to be vexed at it." These few words at first made some impression on me, but it did not last. I did not again see the Queen in private until Thursday, on which day she declared that the departure was fixed for the following Monday. I was in hopes that d'Avaray would attend my *coucher;* but his cabriolet having broken down, he did not come. On the Friday morning, I wrote to him, to come at six o'clock; he came accordingly. "Must we get ready?" said he, as he entered.— "Yes," I replied, "and for Monday." We

then entered into the particulars of our project, and considered these principal points: 1st, how to leave the Luxembourg; 2dly, how to quit Paris; 3dly, by what road to leave the kingdom. He was much perplexed about the first of these points, because he was not acquainted with all the localities of my apartments, and thought I had no outlet but through my anti-chamber, which would have been impracticable, or through the garden, which would have been very difficult. I soon restored his confidence, by shewing him what I called my small apartment, which has a direct communication with the great Luxembourg, where there was no national guard. (I had not informed him of this at an earlier period, because it had not been my

intention to make use of it, as I meant to set out from Madame de Balbi's, or from the country.) And here I must stop to express my surprise, that for more than twenty months that I inhabited Paris, this outlet, which was known to several of my people, was never even suspected by my gaolers; and that I did not myself make it known, by using it during the most violent period of persecution, to go to my chapel, which is at the great Luxembourg.

This difficulty being surmounted, there remained another, respecting the carriage we were to make use of, in order to go to that in which we were to travel; for we did not for a moment think of having the latter come to

the Luxembourg. A fiacre was the safest conveyance; but fiacres did not enter the court of the Luxembourg: and d'Avaray would never consent to my going out on foot, however well I might be disguised. It was, therefore, necessary to choose between a glass coach and a cabriolet; and we preferred the former, not only because I am a little too heavy to mount a cabriolet, or alight from it with ease; but because it requires a man to attend to it, which did not suit us. This point being settled, we debated whether it would be better to leave Paris with hired horses, or to go post; and we decided for posting:—1st, because it is the way of travelling which excites least suspicion;—2dly, because, had we hired horses, we must have placed relays on the

road, or applied for an order for post-horses; the former course would have excited suspicion, and the second might have had the same effect; besides which, it would have increased the complication of an affair, which could not be too much simplified.

Finally, we considered the means of quitting the kingdom. I thought we should want a passport: but the difficulty was to obtain it without compromising ourselves. My first idea was to send for Beauchêne, physician to my grooms, who was connected with M. Montmorin and M. de la Fayette; and to tell him that two priests of my acquaintance, who had not taken the oath, being terrified at

what had so recently passed at the Theatins, wished to leave the kingdom disguised as Englishmen, and that I instructed him to procure a passport from M. de Montmorin's office. D'Avaray did not relish this idea: he represented that Duchêne, who is acute, might have some suspicion of what we were so much interested in concealing, and I relinquished this scheme; but d'Avaray, who was intimately acquainted with Lord Robert Fitzgerald, told me he would try to obtain a passport by his means. As to the road, my first idea was to take that of Douay and Orchies; but, on further reflection, I determined to send Madame by that road, as the safest; and told d'Avaray that we would fix our own on the following day.

On parting from him, I went to the Tuileries, where the Queen shewed me the draft of the declaration which the King had prepared, and had just handed to her. We read it together: I found the style incorrect in some instances: this was a trifling inconvenience; but we considered the article not only rather too long, but deficient in an essential point, namely, a protest against all acts emanated from the King during his captivity. After supper, I made some observations to him on his work, which he desired me to take with me, and to return to him the next day. On Saturday morning I applied myself accordingly, to the most ungrateful task existing, that of correcting another person's work, and of suiting the phrases I was obliged to

interpolate, both with the style and turn of thought of the original; the pen every moment fell from my hands; yet I got through the work, whether well or ill. In the mean time d'Avaray had written to Lord Robert; called on his sadler, to see whether the coach was in good condition; and, in order to deceive him, and avoid suspicion, had told him that he was obliged to set out for his regiment, and wished to go without the knowledge of his relations; recommending secrecy to him, under this very plausible pretext. He had also made all necessary arrangements respecting my clothes, with Peronnet; and he returned to me at six o'clock.

He was much dejected. Lord Robert had

told him, in answer to his application, that he had no longer the privilege of giving passports; and that Lord Gower would certainly give none to any persons who were not English; and other means which d'Avaray had tried, had proved equally unsuccessful. Fortunately Madame de Balbi had left him, on her departure, an old passport which she had obtained from the English ambassador, in the names of Mr. and Miss Foster; but this passport, which was good only for a fortnight, was dated the 23d of April, and was for a man and woman, instead of two men. I did not conceive it possible to make any use of it; but d'Avaray, who, I am happy to declare, seemed no more perplexed by the difficulties of our situation, than if he had

been asked by some youth of his acquaintance to take him to the ball at the opera-house, without the knowledge of his parents; d'Avaray, I say, speedily convinced me that I was in the wrong: he erased the writing; and although the erasure was in a fold, and the paper very thin, in less than a quarter of an hour the passport was in the names of Messieurs and Miss Foster, and dated the 13th of June, instead of the 23d of April. Although this obstacle was now overcome, we were not yet freed from all embarrassment; we knew not whether or not it was necessary that the passport should be inspected by the minister for foreign affairs; and we did not think it advisable to produce a paper, the falsification of which might be

recognized, notwithstanding all d'Avaray's dexterity, and all the ink which he had plentifully spilt at the back, as well where the erasures were, as in other parts, to create the less suspicion. We resolved to content ourselves with it as it was, hoping it would excite no surprise that two Englishmen, such as we had determined to appear, should have supposed a passport from the English ambassador to be sufficient; and that the municipal authorities who might have to examine it, would not discover its defects.

We next considered what road we should take; I had relinquished that of Orchies to Madame. That of Valenciennes I declined for the reasons already stated; we fixed on

that of Mons, by Soissons, Laon, and Maubeuge, from the following motives:—1st, This line of road was not much frequented, and we therefore hoped it would be the more easy to find horses;—2dly, As far as Soissons it might be thought that we were going to Rheims; and from thence to Laon, that we were going to Givet; which circumstances might mislead our pursuers;—3dly, The fortified towns, in the interior of which the post is fixed, are marked in the book of posts in a particular manner. Now, according to that mark, the post is in Avesnes, and not in Maubeuge; and we calculated, that according to the time of our departure, we should pass Avesnes before the gates would be shut, and should not reach Maubeuge

until after the shutting of the gates of that place; that we should have no business with any one but the post-master; and should thus avoid the frontier towns, of which the weakness of our passport made us somewhat apprehensive.

In the evening I carried home my performance to the Tuileries: I asked the Queen whether she thought that a passport from the English ambassador would be sufficient. She assured me that the King himself had no other than that of the Russian minister, which greatly contributed to calm my apprehensions. (I must certainly have failed to make myself understood; for the passport in the name of the baroness de Korff, which was, indeed, de-

manded by Monsieur de Simolin, had in reality been made out at the office for foreign affairs; but the Queen had no motive to deceive me: and I would not relate this circumstance, had I not promised to declare every thing.)

The work in which the King had commanded me to assist, contained only the first part, that is to say, the defects of the constitution. There was yet wanting the summary of the personal outrages which the King had suffered since the opening of the states-general. He commanded me to write this summary, which I carried to him the following evening. It might be supposed, according to what is mentioned above, as well as what I

am now stating, that the declaration of the 20th of June originated with me. Truth requires me to declare that I only corrected it; that several of my corrections were not adopted; that the whole conclusion of it was added after the end of my task, and that I only became acquainted with it, such as it appears, at Brussels.

With the exception of this work, and two circumstances which I am about to relate, Sunday was a nullity to me: but it was not so to d'Avaray. He was in motion throughout the day, appeared in public only for a moment at the Luxembourg, as we had agreed the preceding day, and we did not see each other in private. This public visit, which

we had considered necessary, was very inconvenient to him, as it deprived him of part of the little time he had reserved to himself. For my part, it was painful to me to leave him undistinguished in the crowd, and only to address him in one of those unmeaning sentences which princes are obliged to use when they hold their courts; but prudence required me to be a prince for that moment; and I sincerely promised myself, in my own mind, that it should be the last time I would be so towards him.

He had already placed a partial confidence in Sayer, his English servant, similar to that which he had reposed in the sadler, telling him that he was to set out the following day

for his regiment, and charging him to say nothing about it to his relations, or in his house. He added, that having endeavoured to meet with a travelling companion, he had been fortunate enough to meet with one who was a pleasant fellow; but that as there was generally more respect paid to foreigners than to Frenchmen at the post-houses, we had agreed to travel as Englishmen, under the names of Michael and David Foster. After this he introduced him to Peronnet, as *Perron*, valet de chambre to his fellow-traveller. The names of Michael and David were not adopted without a motive; my linen was marked with an M, and his with D A; and he conceived that in case it should be examined, it would be necessary for our

supposed names to correspond with these marks.

I will now relate the circumstances to which I have already alluded. In the morning of this same day, I met Beauchêne at Madame's toilette; and he told me that a man had called on Audouin, one of those journalists who daily deal out their two-pennyworth of poison in Paris, bringing him a plan for the escape of the King and all the rest of us, which, he declared, he knew to have been adopted at the Tuileries: that he had requested Audouin to insert it in his journal, and that it would appear the following day. This information alarmed me; it is even said that I turned pale on hearing it:

I do not believe that, but I am certain that I recovered myself promptly enough to ask Beauchêne, laughing, the particulars of this pretended plan; he gave me some details of the falsehood of which I was so certain, that I clearly perceived, that even if any thing was known, it must be far from the whole truth, and I recovered my spirits completely. The second circumstance was a note mysteriously worded, which I received from d'Avaray in the morning, who complained of a bolt I had put up. I thought myself pretty certain that there was none at the door of my little apartment which adjoins the great Luxembourg: I hastened to ascertain the fact, and finding I was right, determined to wait until I could

see d'Avaray alone, to obtain the solution of this enigma.

On Monday morning, a report was spread that the Queen had been arrested during the night, as she was escaping in a fiacre with my sister: at first I took no notice of this rumour, but on reflection, I perceived two things in it, which agreed with what Beauchêne had told me: the first was, that our gaolers were alarmed; the second, that their apprehensions were vague: hence I concluded that we were yet in time to make our escape, but that the moment was well chosen, and that if we should suffer it to elapse, it would never return. I was soon afterwards alarmed by

another circumstance. As Madame de Sourdis was coming to Madame, to attend her to mass, she was refused entrance at the little Luxembourg; but I soon found it was a blunder of the porter. This tranquillized me, and I waited for d'Avaray to obtain the explanation of his note. In the mean time, I considered that it would be expedient to blacken my eyebrows a little, the better to disguise my face, and I therefore put a cork into my pocket, at dinner, for this purpose.

D'Avaray made me wait for him until nearer seven o'clock, and I confess that the time seemed long to me; for besides the anxiety I felt on his account, whenever I was separated from him, and the final arrange-

ments which we still had to make, he was the only being to whom I could speak on the subject which engrossed all my thoughts. He explained to me what was meant by the bolt, of which he had complained, by telling me that Peronnet, to whom he had entrusted the key of the little apartment, had carried all my travelling clothes thither, but had been unable to get in, and had thought that there must be a bolt inside. We instantly went to the spot, and finding the bundle, saw that Peronnet must have entered; we next tried the key in the lock, and satisfied ourselves that it turned freely. We then examined the contents of the bundle, which we found very complete. I tried on the boots, which fitted me well; and we placed every thing in order in the place

I had resolved to dress in. D'Avaray promised to be with me at eleven precisely; we embraced with hearty good will, and separated to meet no more, until the moment of commencing the execution of our scheme.

In d'Avaray's arrangements, there are innumerable particulars which are well known to him alone, because he alone performed the whole; I leave them to be related by himself, certain that his account will be strictly correct in this point, my object being only to declare what I myself did or saw, and above all to prevent his failing to do himself justice in essential points.

As d'Avaray left my apartments, he was ac-

costed by a man, who, I think, according to the description he gave me, must have been Desportes, usher of my closet, who told him that he had something pressing and important to say to him. He took him into the corridor leading from the little to the great Luxembourg, where this man, after a long preamble, about his attachment to the King and me, informed him that one of his friends, a person highly deserving of credit, had told him in confidence, that he had been applied to, to lend money to facilitate the escape of the whole Royal Family, which was to take place that very night; that he thought it his duty to give him this information, and entreated him to return immediately, and communicate it to me likewise. D'Avaray was not put off

his guard; he told him that this must be one of the thousand-and-one schemes of flight and counter-revolution, with which the public had been amused for the last twelvemonth; but the other persisted, and d'Avaray could not get rid of him, until he promised to mention the subject to me in the evening, at my *coucher*, or the following day at latest.—Nevertheless, he thought the matter serious enough to to be imparted to me; he went in again through my little apartment, and knocked at the door of my closet, but in vain; I had already set out for the Tuileries. He then considered, whether it would not be best to proceed thither, and to inquire either for the Queen's first femme de chambre, or for me, in order to inform the Queen or myself of

what he had just heard; but he reflected that that would be thought a remarkable circumstance, particularly as he had long abstained from appearing in public, in order to avoid questions; and his being seen at the Tuileries would excite surprise; besides, things had gone so far, that it was no longer possible to recede. All these circumstances induced him to keep the information to himself, and not even to mention it to me until we were in safety; committing the success of our scheme to the care of providence.

I was the more impatient to reach the Tuileries, as I knew my sister would, at length, in the afternoon of this day, be informed of the secret which I had, with much regret,

kept from her so long. I found her calm, resigned to the will of God, content, but without evincing any burst of joy; in short, as cool as if she had been acquainted with the plan for a twelvemonth. We embraced very tenderly; after which she said, "Brother, you are religious; allow me to give you an image, it cannot but bring you good fortune." I accepted it, as may be supposed, with as much pleasure as gratitude. We conversed some time on the grand enterprise; and without being prejudiced by my tender affection for her, I must say it is impossible to reason with more coolness and sense than she did; I could not but admire her. I went down to the Queen's apartments, and waited some time for her, because she was closeted with the three

body-guards, who gave both her and the King the last and lamentable proofs of their zeal; at length she appeared; I ran to embrace her; "Do not excite my feelings," said she; "I do not wish it to be observed, that I have been weeping." We supped and remained together till eleven o'clock. When the moment of separation arrived, the King, who had not previously informed me whither he was going, called me, declaring that he meant to go to Montmedy, and positively commanded me to go to Longwy, through the Austrian Netherlands. At length, we embraced with great tenderness, and separated, in the firm persuasion, at least on my part, that in less than four days we should all meet again in safety.

It was not eleven o'clock when I left the Tuileries, and I was glad of it, because I was in hopes that the duke de Levis, who usually attended me home in the evening, would not have arrived, which I wished for two reasons: 1st, because I did not care to have questions put to me, which, however indirect, might have embarrassed me; and 2dly, because I was in the habit of conversing for a long time previously to going to bed, and was fearful, if I should retire immediately, as it was necessary for me to do, that I should excite some suspicion in his mind. My hopes were not fulfilled; he even shewed a degree of assiduity with which I would readily have dispensed. I suppressed my vexation, however, and conversed calmly with him the

whole of the way. When I got home, I began to undress, at which he seemed surprised; I told him I had slept very ill the preceding night, and that I wished to indemnify myself for the rest I had lost. He was satisfied with this reason; I finished undressing, and went to bed.

Before I proceed further, it is necessary to observe, that my first valet-de-chambre always slept in my room, which seemed to be an impediment to my departure, unless I were to admit him to my confidence. But I had satisfied myself, by an experiment made two days before, that I had much more than sufficient time to rise, light a taper, and pass into my closet, before he could undress and return into my chamber.

Scarce had he left the room, when I got up closed the curtains of my bed again, and having taken the few articles which I wished to carry with me, entered my closet, the door of which I shut behind me; and thenceforth, whether by a presentiment, or through a just confidence in d'Avaray, I considered myself out of the kingdom. I put in the pockets of my robe-de-chambre, three hundred louis, which I intended to take, and entered the little apartment where d'Avaray was waiting for me, after having been greatly alarmed, for as he came in, the key had refused to turn in the lock. A thousand ideas, each worse than the preceding, had passed through his mind. At length he tried to turn the key inwards, which was precisely the way of the lock.

When dressed, by his assistance, I recollected that I had left my cane, and a second snuff-box, which I also wished to carry with me. I was for returning to fetch them. "No rashness!" said he. I persisted no longer. The dress fitted me very well, but the wig was a little too tight. However, as it would go on, and as I had determined upon every occasion of consequence, to keep a great round hat, decorated with a broad tri-coloured cockade, on my head, this inconvenience did not give us much concern. As we crossed the little apartment, d'Avaray said that there was a glass-coach, similar to ours, in the court of the great Luxembourg, which caused him some anxiety. I tranquillized him, by telling him it was for Madame. When we were on

the stair-case, he desired me to wait while he went to see whether it was still there. Finding it was gone, he returned to me, saying in English, "*Come along with me.*"—"*I am ready,*" I answered, in the same language, and we got into the coach, which was a *vis-a-vis*. In getting in, I chanced to seat myself in front. "What!" said he, "compliments?" "Faith," replied I, "here I am." He did not urge the matter; and having ordered the coachman to drive to the Pont-Neuf, we thus left the Luxembourg. My joy at finding I had escaped from my gaolers, which d'Avaray most sincerely shared, made us extremely cheerful. Accordingly our first impulse, after passing the gate, was to sing a couplet of the parody on Penelope:—

"Ça va bien,
Ça prend bien;
Ils ne se doutent de rien."*

We met several people, and a patrol of the national guard. No one attempted to ascertain whether there was any person in the coach. Near the Pont-Neuf, d'Avaray ordered the coachman to drive to the Quatre-Nations; we met our carriage, which was waiting for us, between the Monnaie and the Quatre-Nations, in the little street which forms the angles of those two buildings. The coachman, who had already set d'Avaray down there in the afternoon of the same day,

* This does well, this takes; they suspect nothing.

thought we were going to the same place, and was about to stop, but d'Avaray told him to stop opposite the college, where we alighted. The coachman asked if we were satisfied? "Quite so," replied d'Avaray; "I shall probably employ you again, the day after to-morrow." We now followed our travelling carriage on foot; d'Avaray recommending me to take care to walk in a lounging manner. At length we reached it; I got in first, Sayer next, and lastly, d'Avaray. Peronnet mounted on horseback; we gave orders, in the English accent, to drive to Bourget; and so we started. When we reached Pont-Neuf, we were passed by two post-coaches, at which d'Avaray began to be uneasy; when, after we had changed our course to avoid them, they

again passed us at Saint Martin's gate, and he found they were taking the same road as ourselves: he no longer doubted but that it was some one of my family, and he was inwardly railing at princes who, for want of mutual communication, spoil the best arrangements in the world; for he naturally concluded that if we should thus continue to go on close together, we should not only prevent each other from obtaining horses, but excite suspicion, and infallibly get arrested. I did not share his anxiety, because I well knew that it was Madame, and that when once past Bourget, we had nothing more to apprehend; but I could not explain myself before a man who was not in our secret. Fortunately d'Avaray only spoke of

the probable want of horses, and I represented to him, that we must be singularly unlucky, if these coaches were going precisely to Soissons, as the road on which we were travelling led also to Flanders, Metz, and Nancy. When we had crossed the Chalons road, his anxiety and impatience increased; I then thought it best to speak out a little, and assuming a prophetic tone, I positively affirmed that these two carriages were going to Douay. This calmed him a little, with respect to the chance of our keeping together all the way; but being desirous to gain time, he offered the postilion six francs to pass the two carriages; this succeeded for a moment, but they soon re-passed us, and we reached Bourget together. D'Avaray then made Sayer alight, under pretext of sending

him to see who were in those carriages, and when we were alone I explained to him clearly what I had previously only been able to tell him in ambiguous terms, which entirely tranquillized him. Day overtook us near Nanteuil; Sayer then mounted on horseback, and Peronnet took his place in the carriage: he took from his pocket my diamonds, which he had brought away with him, and we hid them between the back of the coach and the lining, which we fastened up again over them. I also took the cork, mentioned above, which d'Avaray had taken care to blacken, and painted my eyebrows, without caricaturing, in such a manner as to render it impossible to recognize me; and I took the additional precaution of pretending to sleep at every post, at least until we had

reached a great distance from Paris. I had the presumption to foretell, on our leaving each post, from the physiognomy of the postilions, whether they would drive well or ill, and I actually was not once mistaken. We had proceeded wonderfully well as far as Verte-feuille; but there I declared we should go on very ill to Soissons, and I was not deceived. During this post d'Avaray talked to me of his intention to give in the resignation of his regiment. I did not exactly approve of it, but I yielded to his reasons; he then told me he was inclined to send it from Soissons to M. du Portail. I bantered him on the choice of the place, asking whether he thought he should have more time there than at the other posts; I was also unwilling that he should address it to M. du Por-

tail, knowing that the King was to dismiss all his ministers on his departure; but as he intended to date it the 18th of June, I had nothing to say against it. In the mean time the postilion justified but too well the augury I had drawn from his countenance, for it would be impossible to drive worse. We accordingly concluded that he must certainly be president of the Jacobin club of Soissons. But although I jested thus, I was really alarmed; I had, several leagues back, discovered that I had left the image my sister had given me, at Paris; and although I am as little of a bigot as any one, this loss really vexed me, and gave me much more uneasiness than the loss of my cane and snuff-box.

When we reached Soissons, we were informed, that one of the bands of the left forewheel was broken; this was extremely unfortunate, but we soon found reason for still greater anxiety, for on further examination of the wheel, we discovered that the felly also was broken. D'Avaray said nothing, but I plainly saw what was passing in his mind. I, who was no less alarmed, also endeavoured to suppress my emotion. It should seem that I succeeded, for he has since assured me that the confidence he observed in me restored his own. It was proposed to us to have a new felly made; we asked how much time this operation would require, and were told it would occupy near two hours and a half. Little acquainted with wheelwright's work, and

consequently with the other resources which we might adopt, I regarded this loss of time with great pain, and the more so, because, as it was then half past eight, our flight must have been known at Paris, and we should have lost, by every moment's delay, part of the ground we had gained during the night. But d'Avaray, who had, as I have already mentioned, recovered his self-possession, thought of another expedient, namely, to fasten the felly with a double band of iron, which plan it was determined to adopt. Whilst this work was in hand, he first wrote his letter to M. du Portail, which he enclosed in another, addressed to M. de Gourdis, his brother-in-law; and then went to hasten the smith. Being left alone, I looked into his portfolio, which

he had forgotten and left in the coach, where I found, with equal surprize and joy, the image which I thought I had left at Paris; but what greatly increased my astonishment, was his afterwards assuring me, that on opening his portfolio, he had been no less surprized than myself at finding it, having no recollection of putting it there. The postmaster was near the carriage, with whom, justly confiding in my English accent, I conversed for some time, without having reason to fear, from any gesture or motion of his, that he had the least suspicion who I was. At last our wheel was repaired, and we were assured that it would still run twelve or fifteen leagues. This was not nearly sufficient for our purpose, for we were still thirty-two leagues from Mons;

but we trusted a little to our good fortune, and did not give way to much anxiety. But before I proceed further, I must relate a danger from which we escaped without knowing of it, and which was certainly the greatest risk we ran.

M. de Tourzel had left Paris on the Thursday or Friday; and to avoid exciting any suspicion, he had passed two days at Haute Fontaine, with the archbishop of Narbonne. His servant, who was not much inclined to leave France, took it into his head, when intoxicated, to go and denounce him to the Jacobin Club of Attichy, which is very near Haute-Fontaine, as an aristocrat, who was proceeding to a foreign country to effect a counter-

revolution. The club instantly forwarded instructions to all the clubs of the neighbouring towns, and to that of Soissons in particular, to arrest all travellers. The chiefs then put themselves at the head of sixty men of the National Guard, and went to Haute Fontaine to secure M. de Tourzel; but on finding that he was a young man of even childish appearance, and travelling quietly in a cabriolet, they treated the servant's information with contempt, and allowed the master to proceed. They must also, in all probability, have given counter-orders to the neighbouring clubs, otherwise we must inevitably have been arrested. But notwithstanding that, I am perfectly correct in saying this was the greatest risk we

ran; and had I been aware of it, we should certainly have taken a different road.

The post of Vaurains, between Soissons and Laon, is a solitary house, where there is absolutely nobody but the people belonging to the post, who were all occupied with their horses. This seemed to me such a fine opportunity for alighting, and stretching my legs a little, that I instantly offered to do so, but d'Avaray opposed it so firmly, that I was obliged to give way. I then proposed to breakfast; we had a pie, and some Bourdeaux wine; but we had forgotten to bring any bread. Whilst we were eating the crust with the pie, we thought of Queen Maria Theresa, who, when somebody in her pre-

sence was expressing compassion for the poor who had no bread, answered, "Good God! why don't they eat pie-crust then?" D'Avaray then hit upon one of the best expedients in the world, which was to take Sayer into the chaise with us again, and to send Peronnet forward with the measure of our felly, to get a new one made, in case the iron band should give way, in order to avoid a similar danger of waiting two hours, to that we had just escaped. Sayer informed us by the way, that every body was firmly persuaded we really were English; which gave us great pleasure. He added, that he was every were told we were going to Brussels. Had we passed for Frenchmen, this opinion would have been very disagreeable to us; but our being taken for English

rendered it indifferent. D'Avaray, seeing him inclined to converse, led him to speak of the affairs of the time, on which he expressed himself very freely, and, amongst other things, he used one expression which has struck me forcibly since, which was, that people began to treat the King as a madman *(fou)*; and here it may be proper to observe, that Sayer speaks bad French, and that the English word *fool*, which he certainly had in view, signifies something very different from *fou* in French. He also made a reflection, which I noticed as just; namely, that it cannot be said that there are in reality either aristocrats or democrats, since the man who has but *sixpence* (this was his expression) treats him who possesses a shilling as an aristocrat. In the mean time

Peronnet had reached Laon above three quarters of an hour before us; but the cartwright was gone to the town, and was not returned when we arrived. We had our wheel carefully examined, and having satisfied ourselves that it was in good condition, continued our journey, and thought no more of having a new felly made.

It is impossible to be worse driven than we were from Vaurains, and particularly between Laon and La Capelle. I began to fear that we should not reach Avesnes before the gates would be shut; and I was thinking of going by way of Landrecy, where the post-house is out of the town: it would, indeed, have lengthened our road by four leagues;

but this was a trifling inconvenience, compared to that of stopping altogether. But the anxiety I felt on account of the slowness of the postilions, was soon absorbed by a more cruel affliction. D'Avaray, who had for some time appeared serious and taciturn, instead of gay and talkative, as he had previously been throughout the journey, at last confessed to me, between Marle and Vervins, that he was spitting blood; and I saw the proof of it but too plainly on his handkerchief, which I took from him, by a sort of mechanical impulse, the moment he made this acknowledgment to me. Conceive, then, what passed in my mind: I could not doubt but that the mental and bodily fatigue he had undergone, in preparing for our de-

parture, added to the sleepless night he had just passed, and the fatigue of the journey, had brought on this accident. I knew that when he suffered these attacks, they usually lasted several days: and I am sufficiently acquainted with medicine, to know, that in such cases rest is the principal and most indispensable of all remedies. God is my witness; that had he not been exposed, in case of arrest, to greater danger than myself, nothing on earth should have induced me to go a step further; but I was but too certain of this distressing truth: thus I looked upon myself, in every view of the subject, as the assassin of him to whom I was attached by friendship, before I loved him from gratitude; and who was, at that very moment, giving me proofs

of his faithful and courageous friendship. Notwithstanding all my efforts to suppress my feelings, the state of my mind was but too visible in my face. He perceived it; and, forgetting his own sufferings, overcoming the agitation which invariably attends accidents of this nature, he exerted himself in consoling me—in encouraging me with respect to himself—assuring me that it was nothing—that it only arose from his being a little heated, and that he felt that it was going off. I no longer heard what he said: I had turned towards God, and prayed to him with a degree of ardour, which I certainly should never have felt in praying for myself;—in short, I dare not believe that my prayers were heard; however

the spitting of blood ceased, and did not return. I am unable to describe the sensations that I felt on beholding the saliva entirely white when I inspected his handkerchief, and I continued to examine it every instant. Such details as these will undoubtedly appear low, and even disgusting, to cold and callous hearts, but it is not for them that I write, and those endued with sensibility will consider the matter in another light.

On our arrival at La Capelle, we asked the post-mistress, upon her word and oath, whether we should arrive at Avesnes before the gates were shut. She gave us reason to believe that we should not only enter that town, but even depart from it the same

evening, a circumstance that afforded us great delight, as we were persuaded that it was the only place we had reason to dread. I shortly after witnessed a dispute between her and Perronet, who dismounted at every post to make his payments, and who now had a fresh difficulty to encounter. We travelled with three horses, for which we generously paid thirty sous. The post-mistress insisted (and in this she was right) that as there were three in the carriage, we ought to pay for four horses. The contrary was maintained by Perronet, but she threatened to charge us with four horses, and two postilions. It was rather a pleasant circumstance in our case, to hazard our lives for ten sous, for that is all the difference between three horses, at thirty sous, and four

at twenty-five. D'Avaray told her, that she treated us ill, because we were strangers— "No," replied she; "I am entitled, if such were my pleasure, to make you take six horses." "Well, then," replied I, (being now convinced, by the frequent bursts of laughter that I excited among the postilions, that I was taken for a real Englishman) "if you give us six horses, I will only pay for five." This made the post-mistress laugh. I then turned to Perronet, and addressing myself very seriously to him, "Monsieur Perron," said I, "pay whatever madame demands. It shall never be said, that Michael Foster held any dispute with a lady for the sake of interest."* The tone with which

* The bad French often spoken by the English on the continent, is admirably imitated in the original.

I uttered this sentiment, the gravity of my aspect, my gestures and accent, and a thousand other little points which cannot be described, made the scene extremely diverting and comical, but I resolutely resisted every inclination to laughter. We then inquired, what regiment was in garrison at Avesnes; and were informed that it was the regiment of Vintimille. This intelligence was displeasing to d'Avaray, who happened unfortunately to have given an entertainment to the officers of that regiment two years before, but we agreed that he should sit as far back as he could in the carriage, and we then set out. As we proceeded, the sun, which had not before appeared during the whole day, now displayed himself so power-

fully as to induce me to draw up the blind in my defence. This little circumstance may appear trifling, but it will be seen how important it afterwards proved.

When we arrived at the gates of Avesnes, we were asked for our names, in the usual form; and whether we were going to make any stay. We replied, that we were two Englishmen, and that we wished to proceed on our journey without delay. We presented our passports, which they scarcely looked at, and made our way to the post-house. But Sayer, who felt much fatigued, and whom every one around him endeavoured to persuade (particularly an Englishman, who happened to be present) that it was madness to

go further, as he could not hope to reach Maubeuge, had suffered himself to be convinced by their advice, and had not taken the precaution to order post-horses. We did not, however, fail to call for them, and while we were left between the post-house and a coffee-house frequented by the military, we were detained a full quarter of an hour, and exposed to the view of a number of officers. Happily the blind which I alluded to above, secured us on the side of the coffee-house, while the officers had the politeness to repulse the towns-people, who seemed inclined to peep into our coach. But I felt deeply the sufferings of d'Avaray, whose feelings were divided between the dangers of our present position, and his resentment against Sayer,

who had led us into this awkward predicament. I used my utmost efforts to appease him, in which I ultimately succeeded, and at last we set out, and finding ourselves quite clear of the town, we chaunted victory in the joy of our hearts..

The postilion who drove us, was going on at a good round pace, and seemed to be what we might call a very brisk and pleasant fellow, that was not easily terrified. We observed, however, and with some degree of pain, that he frequently looked behind him, and seemed to discover some apprehension. At last he made a halt, and asked us whither we wished him to conduct us. "To the post-house," cried I.—"Very well," said he, "but

the post-house is a miserable inn,—but I will take you to the *Grand Cerf*, where you will be well treated." "Good treatment," replied I, "is not the question at present. We do not wish to sleep at Maubeuge." "Where, then, do you wish to go?" cried he. "To Mons," said I. "To Mons!" repeated he, with a laugh, "you will not get there to-day." "Why not?" replied I, in my turn. "Because," replied he, "there is every chance that they will not open the gates to let us in; but if they do, they will certainly not open them again to let us out." "What is it to us," said I, "whether the gates are open or shut, since the post-house is not at Maubeuge?" "It has been fixed there these six months," replied he. "How!" said I, "is there not a road that turns from the town?"

"Certainly," replied he. "Well, my worthy friend," added I, "as we are in a hurry, and our horses are good, could you not turn aside from the town, and double the post? We will pay you well." "Not I," cried he; "I would not do such a thing, for all the world."

From these words, I immediately conceived an idea of all the horrors of our situation, and seeing no prospect of hope, I only thought of resignation to the fate of which I had a clear foresight. My own sacrifice was not painful, but the ruin of d'Avaray engrossed all my feelings. He, however, never lost his firmness, and being always calm in the midst of danger, addressed the postilion in bad French, but

with a degree of eloquence, which I am unable to imitate; and gave him to understand, that we were extremely anxious to reach Mons, as he had left his sister, who was also my cousin, (a charming young woman, equally dear to us both), very ill at Soissons; that the only physician, in whom she had any confidence, lived at Mons; that if we delayed a moment to procure his assistance, his sister would expire, and we should be both wretched for the remainder of our lives; and that if he passed us through, he would give him a guinea; perhaps two or three.

This speech, with the additional recommendation of the three guineas, produced a miraculous effect on the postilion. He re-

flected for a moment, and then said, "Well, I'll contrive to pass you." Yet presently afterwards he recommended to us not to enter Maubeuge, but to have the horses brought out. We expressed our apprehensions of the difficulty of that proceeding; but he assured us that he was unacquainted with the road through the suburbs, and would procure himself a guide. We then replaced Sayer in the carriage, and making Peronnet mount on horseback, and charging him to keep an eye on the movements of the postilion, we proceeded on our journey.

As soon as we arrived at the suburbs, the postilion stopped, and going into a cabaret to refresh himself, inquired for a guide.—

There were some females present, whose sympathy he excited by the tragical and interesting narrative he had been told, but they assured him, that he could not pass on. "Why not?" said he; "is not the bridge *Pont rouge* in existence?" "Certainly," replied one of the females; "but the works of the *new Sambre* are now going on; there are three hundred workmen engaged in them, and there are deep trenches which you cannot cross." "Only give me a guide, and I require no further assistance." The woman, who had spoken last, then went in search of her brother, who happened to be one of the workmen. He offered to conduct us to the trenches, but he repeated what his sister had asserted about the impossibility of passing them. "If the

devil stood in my way," exclaimed the postilion, "I would pass—take a lantern, and lead the way before me." This conversation, it may be presumed, afforded us no entertainment; but the resolution manifested by the postilion, contributed to inspire us with confidence. We now proceeded across the fields, within a hundred paces of the ramparts of a fortified town, with nearly a certainty of being stopped in our progress, if there was a sentinel that should see our lantern, and know what his own duty was. We would gladly have consented to be fired at with grape shot from the batteries, on condition that no one should come out of the town after us. When we reached the trench, I wished to cross it on foot, but the postilion would not consent. He got

down to reconnoitre the passage, and finding a spot which was rather deep, but not wide, he re-mounted his horse, and brought us over with the utmost dexterity and address. Our guide then conducted us through the fields, and quitted us only when we reached the high road; we then proceeded towards Mons, with an absolute certainty of reaching it without further obstacle.

Before I gave myself up to joy and exultation, I poured out my acknowledgments to God for my happy escape, and wished to congratulate d'Avaray on our good fortune; as, however, we were not yet out of France, he endeavoured to check my transports, particularly as Sayer did not yet know who I was. But

he was immersed in a deep sleep, reclining on my shoulder, and d'Avaray was too well pleased to forbear sharing in my satisfaction. I began by seizing on the cursed tri-coloured cockade, and apostrophising it in the following verse of Armida :—

"Vain ornament of ignoble ease,"

I tore it from my hat, and requested d'Avaray to preserve it carefully, as Christopher Columbus preserved his chains. We then discussed the point how we should act on arriving at Mons, which we imagined to be a fortified place, and expected to find the gates closed before our arrival. We determined on halting in the suburbs, in hopes of finding

beds; and if we could not procure lodgings, it was resolved that I should write to the commandant in my own name, and request the gate to be opened. We calculated on the possibility of being accommodated with only one bed, and I told d'Avaray, that in that case he should occupy it, and I would pass the night in my arm-chair. But he declared positively, that he would not consent, and would prefer having a mattress by my bed-side on the floor. I insisted on his sharing the bed, which was yet in idea, and as every thing then assumed the aspect of gaiety in my imagination, I parodied the verses of Hippolytus and Aricia, beginning with—

"Under the standards of Mars,"

and having substituted the word "mattress" for "misery," that improvement threw us into fits of laughter. In the midst of these plans, conjectures, and arguments, the recollections of our journey, and a thousand other little circumstances that appeared interesting to two of the happiest beings in the world, we reached the village of Bossu, which lies within a quarter of a league of Mons. Our postilion, who had never been there before, took it for the suburbs, and we knocked at several doors without being able to prevail on the inmates to open even one. The postilion then said that he could see the cathedral of Mons, but, on a closer inspection, it proved to be a pigeon-house. We continued to advance, however, and found ourselves actually in the

suburbs, when a blacksmith, whom we contrived to rouse, pointed us out an inn, but one of so revolting an appearance, that we determined to use it only for the purpose of writing to the commandant of Mons.

I then got out of my carriage for the first time during twenty-four hours; we knocked at the door, the maid appeared, and asked what we wanted: "Only to write a letter," replied I; and upon hearing this, she immediately shut the door in my face. But the postilion, who longed for some refreshment, repeated his knocks till the door was opened, and at last we procured an entrance. I had great need of a little rest, especially as my legs had become entirely stiff, so that it was with

great difficulty that I could walk. My first care on alighting, whilst my companions inquired into the means of accommodation which this place might afford, was to throw myself on my knees, to return thanks to God in a more suitable posture than I had hitherto been permitted to adopt. Having paid this sacred tribute, I performed another not less pleasingly obligatory, by clasping in my arms my dear friend d'Avaray, on whom I was now enabled, for the first time, to bestow, without fear or apprehension, the title of my saviour. However, we soon discovered that we could find neither refreshment nor lodging at this miserable inn, and all we could obtain was a little beer of the worst description.

We then formed a resolution to write to the commandant, when Peronnet conveyed the letter, and, in the mean time, we began to converse over a wretched coal fire with our postilion, who boldly placed himself on a chair beside me. I asked him to tell me his name, which he said was *La Jeunesse.* It was not from a motive of mere curiosity, on my part, that I made this inquiry, for it was a matter of concern to me, to be acquainted with the name of a man who had served me so essentially without knowing the real state of the case. I afterwards asked him if there were many of the constitutional clergy at Avesnes, who had taken the oath of adherence to the new system. "We have several of them among us," replied he; "but the great

majority remain firm to their duty. A new oath has also been invented for the army, which only sets the officer and soldier by the ears; but God knows how all this will end!" D'Avaray then asked him about the regiment of Vintimille; what disposition it shewed under the recent changes. "That regiment," replied he, "is very quiet and peaceable; but it was formerly accustomed to exercise three times a week, it was a pleasure to see it. Now it parades only once a week; they march out at seven o'clock, and return at eight; and you hear neither right-face not left-face! but the music is playing all the time." I then questioned him about Maubeuge; whether the gates of that place were closed, and to whom it was necessary to apply to have them opened;

whether to the commandant, or the municipality? "Ah! *parbleu*," replied he, "to the municipality by all means! they have now gained possession of every thing. But what are they? a set of despicable miscreants. Only guess who it is, in a village which we lately passed (he then mentioned a village, the name of which I forget) that commands the nation, with two large epaulettes; he is a vinegar merchant." While amusing us with these particulars, he shrugged up his shoulders, and gave full effect to his narratives, by the tones and gestures which accompanied them. In short, by his conversation, he made us forget the fatigue and hunger which distressed us. However, when Peronnet announced to us that the gates were

opened for our reception, our appetites induced us to receive the intelligence with much satisfaction. *La Jeunesse* then told us that the best inn at Mons, was the *Couronne-Imperiale*, whither we directed him to conduct us.

On our entry into the town, we were required to give our names and *descriptions*. D'Avaray, to whom this question was addressed, hesitated for a while, but I cut the matter short, by declaring that I was *Monsieur*, the King's brother; that my companion was the count d'Avaray, and that we wished to put up at the *Couronne-Imperiale*. The serjeant of the guard then informed us, that we were expected at the *Femme Sauvage*, and that

Madame was there already. We could not conceive in what manner, as she travelled by Tournay, she could have reached Mons; however, being highly pleased with this additional instance of good fortune, we gave orders to drive to the *Femme Sauvage*. On our arrival at the door, we met the landlord, who repeated to us the intelligence of our being expected; but after ascending a very disagreeable staircase, we met a servant holding a light in his hand, who, after examining me from head to foot, told me, with some degree of confusion, that I was not the person they expected. The chamber door was open, and a female, who was in bed, exclaimed, "It is not he—do not let him in." The landlord then inspected me in his turn, and asked me

if I was the count de Fersen? "No, truly," replied I; "but as the lady will not accommodate us, cannot you provide us with another apartment?" A cold and repulsive monosyllable of denial was his only answer. We were, as naturally might be expected, greatly mortified by this adventure, which at first promised to be highly agreeable and flattering; and going down stairs, we regained our carriage, and proceeded to the *Couronne-Imperiale*; the landlord of that inn also informed us, that he had no room to give us. This unpleasant accident tended to increase our mortification, when a voice, issuing from the house, uttered these words. "M. d'Avaray, is that you?" He did not immediately recognize her, but soon dis-

covered that it was madame de Balbi. We instantly alighted, and, entering the house, madame de Balbi began to provide some supper for us. The provisions at the inn were wretched, but she happily had a cold fowl, and a bottle of *Vin de Bourdeaux*, with which we regaled ourselves much to our satisfaction. She then had the kindness to resign her bed for my accommodation. D'Avaray occupied that of her waiting-maid, and after a period of twenty months and upwards, I now, for the first time, lay down to rest, without the apprehension of being roused from my slumbers by some fresh scene of horror.

I slept about six hours, and was awakened by M. de la Chatre, who happened to be at

Mons, and whose impatience to visit me induced him to break in on my night's repose. Shortly after I rose, I witnessed the arrival of the count de Fersen, who had conducted the King as far as Bondi. Nothing was now wanting to complete my happiness, being fully persuaded, as I really was, (for I must acknowledge that I knew nothing of the particulars of the plan of escape), that if the King was once clear of Paris, he had no further danger to encounter. I therefore gave way to my exultation, and embraced M. de Fersen with great cordiality and affection. As soon as I was dressed, I received the visits of all the French at Mons, and of all the Austrian officers in the garrison. I was much flattered with the reception that I met with, but I

was eager to proceed on the road to Namur. I could not, however, set off before two o'clock, because the wheelwright, who was employed to mend the felly of the wheel, that gave us so much trouble the day before, happened to break the next, so that in order to proceed, it was necessary to fasten it with a cramp of iron, and we started from Mons, in the same condition that we left it. I made enquiries after *La Jeunesse*. I found that he had been paid ten louis; that he was struck with terror when he learned who it was that he drove, but the sight of so much gold had so delighted him, that he took himself off with wonderful dispatch, giving himself no further concern about the business. I afterwards discovered that he extricated himself from all difficulty by declaring

that we compelled him by violence to conduct us, and was much pleased to find that he suffered no inconvenience on account of the danger which he incurred in our service. Our journey from Mons to Namur furnishes no details to excite or gratify the curiosity of the public. The mutual felicitations of two friends, one of whom is justly proud of having saved the life of the other, while the other feels his happiness more exquisitely, because he owes it to his friend, possess little interest in the eyes of the rest of the world, however delightful they may be to the parties themselves. We reached Namur very late in the evening, hungry and fatigued. I recollect that the supper, which we had at the *Hotel de Hollande*, was but indifferent, though we found it excellent. But our hearts were

full: we had some fine-flavoured Rhenish, and we did ample justice to it; and, altogether, I never enjoyed any supper in my life so highly as that at Namur.

In the morning, I was visited by General de Moitelle, who commanded at Namur, and by all the officers of the garrison, which was much more numerous than that of Mons. They seemed to me so pleased to have me amongst them, and so zealous for the Royal cause, that I must have been the most ungrateful of mankind, had I not been duly sensible of their demonstrations of attachment. It gave me no less pleasure to witness their attentions to my friend, d'Avaray, and, in this respect, they seemed to penetrate into the sentiments

of my heart, and to judge most correctly, that any mark of respect to him, was considered by me as paid personally to myself. In the mean time, though I felt no uneasiness about the King, I was surprized at receiving no news from Montmedy; nor did I think it prudent to run the hazard of repairing to Longwy, before I knew that we were masters of that district. In this view, I determined on requesting general de Moitelle, to send an estafette to the commandant of Luxembourg, with orders to report whatever intelligence he might collect, from any quarter, respecting the King, as I was fully determined, if I did not hear from him, to push on to Luxembourg.

Although we had been assured that we should

meet with very bad and unpleasant roads, we were, during the first stage, inclined to laugh at these predictions. We found, however, after a short progress, that our previous information was correct. The iron-pins that fastened the fore-part of our carriage, were insufficient to resist the shocks arising from the roughness of the road, and we endeavoured to secure them by cords, but this expedient proved fruitless, and it became necessary to stop at a place called Nattoye, to have new ones made. As the sun shone very powerfully on the spot where we halted, I proposed to d'Avaray to retire under the shade, and we removed towards a house, in front of which was a wooden bench, nearly half-burnt, a circumstance which excited our surprize.

A woman came out of the house, and asked us to come in, and take some refreshment. We declined her offer, but we accepted the loan of some chairs, which she placed before the door. D'Avaray then sent Sayer for his portfolio, and marked with ink the notes of our journey, which he had written with a pencil before. While he was thus occupied, two females, one of them elderly and the other younger, came up to the bench. The young one took her seat on it, and the elderly woman, having laid down a heavy load, which she was carrying, threw herself carelessly on the ground, and seemed to be much distressed. We asked her what was the matter, when the mistress of the inn, (for the house happened to be one) told us that they were

two German women, from Wurtzburg, who were employed in going errands for the officers of the garrison of Namur. The younger looked at the elder in the most affectionate manner; we could not understand their conversation, but the word "Mamma," pronounced by a voice as sweet as a flute, penetrated our ears, and vibrated on our hearts. We prevailed on the landlady to relieve her, who offered her some beer, but she requested a little brandy. The former replied, that she had none, and that the wife of the blacksmith, who was then repairing our carriage, could have furnished some, but that she was at church. Fortunately, however, some of the boys of the village were passing, and she dispatched one of them, who took upon himself, very

cheerfully, the office of procuring some brandy. Whilst we were waiting for his return, we expressed our surprise to the landlady, at her having no brandy in her house. "Alas! gentlemen," said she, "you little know what we have suffered in these strange times. I myself have become a cripple, and I will inform you how this accident befell me. During the retreat of the troops, the soldiers seized every thing for their subsistence; so that for two days I remained without any food. I was quite overcome with debility, and on the last day of the retreat I fell from the top of my staircase to the ground, and put my hip-bone out of joint. The patriots came on the following day: my husband took to flight, but, feeble and hurt as I was,

I was unable to accompany him. The soldiers, enraged at our admitting the enemy into our houses, took all our furniture, and made a fire with it in the middle of the apartment. They even seemed inclined to throw me into the flames. They afterwards altered their plan, and breaking my crutches, they dragged me about the house and crippled me as you see." As she uttered these words, she made me lay my hand on her hip, and I perceived that the bone was completely dislodged, and could not be set again. At this moment, the boy whom she had dispatched, came up with a glass of brandy; it was handed to the old woman, who drank a little, and then gave it to her daughter; the latter just wetted her lips, and returned the glass to her mother. We wished

to give the boy some money, but the landlady said she had given him twelve sous; we were willing to give him more, but he took himself off so expeditiously, that we saw him no more. We then handed the landlady a six livres piece, and she brought out to the poor woman some bread, butter, and beer. The elder, having recovered her strength, rose, and threw herself on her knees before us, and kissed our hands; we raised her up; I took off my hat, and pointing to heaven, exclaimed: *Gott, Gott!* upon this she took out her beads, and pressing them to her breast, began to pray with great fervency.

In the mean time, the landlady, with whom we continued to converse about her

sufferings, resumed her discourse: "Alas! gentlemen," cried she, "revolutions are terrible things: the changes in my own country afflict me as much as those in France; and I am much concerned about my poor friends and relations. I was born at Frombaine, in the neighbourhood of Givet: I use all my endeavours to induce them to quit that place, but I cannot succeed. This adds still more to my wretchedness! Ah! gentlemen, there is nothing of value but God, our King, and our Country." The expressions and behaviour of the old woman, brought tears into d'Avaray's eyes; and I myself felt much emotion from the simple narrative of the landlady. "Well, then," said I, "my good woman, since these are your sentiments, pray

to God for the King:—his life is now, perhaps, in great danger:—he has left Paris." "O God!" cried she, "what do you tell me?" "Yes," exclaimed d'Avaray, "this is the King's brother; who escaped at the same time with his Majesty." "And this," cried I, "is the friend who has saved my life." I then threw myself into his arms—our tears mingled together; and even Sayer, who had retired into a corner, began to wipe his eyes. The landlady, deeply affected, exclaimed: "And are you really the brother of the King? Ah! if I durst touch you——" "Do more, my good woman," said I, "embrace me!" By this time our carriage was repaired. I gave a louis to the old woman: she wished to kiss my hand again, but I embraced her: and we set

off. This accident had retarded us so much, that we could not now hope to reach Bastogne, where we calculated on passing the night. We therefore resolved to halt at Marche; and we sent Sayer forward to order supper at the post-house; which the post-master of Emptines, who seemed to be a connoisseur in good cheer, had recommended to us as an excellent inn. On our arrival in the town, we were conducted to a house of respectable appearance, and were pleased at reaching so good a place of entertainment, but we soon learned that we were under the roof of an old officer of the regiment of *Ligne*, who wished to receive us, because, notwithstanding the recommendation of the post-master, the post-house was but an indifferent place. This was an

unpleasant discovery for me, as I have no high opinion of entertainments provided by friends. I cast a doleful glance on d'Avaray, whose countenance appeared lengthened to the same dimensions as my own. Our melancholy increased, when our host, who had got out of bed (at nine o'clock at night) expressed his regret that he had not been apprised of our approach two hours before, as he could have provided us with some pigeons, *à la crapaudine*, but his pigeons were in the pigeon-house, and his pullets were all alive. He had, however, sent to the post-house for a leg of mutton, and he promised to furnish us with chops, a salad, and fresh eggs. We thus met with short commons, and, what was worse, his cook came

back in a rage against the post-mistress, who refused, as she said, to let her have the leg of mutton. Our host then offered us some veal cutlets, which we were obliged to accept. We were rather alarmed on the score of wine, when chance threw in our way an invoice of a cask of old Volnay wine of the first quality. This discovery afforded us no small pleasure. We turned the conversation on the wine that he usually drank, which he assured us was *Vin de Bar*, but as the last vintage had been unfavourable, he had ordered some Burgundy, which had come to hand a fortnight before, but which he was advised to let quietly repose in the cellar for a month. At this moment we really believed ourselves to be in a Spanish inn, and we were repeating between ourselves

that *Marche en Famine* was a very proper name for the town. But, to our agreeable surprise, the supper proved excellent, and M. Donné (that was the name of our host) was very good company, and had the kindness to broach this cask of Volnay, which turned out to possess a very superior flavour. On the following day, the duke de Laval, his second son, and several young persons of quality, joined us, and attended our levee. M. de Falhouet, a gentleman of Brittany, offered to travel before me, in order to procure intelligence from such couriers as he should meet. I accepted his offer, and we set out, but hardly had we advanced two leagues, when we saw M. de Falhouet returning with the dismal news of the affair at Varennes.

I might here terminate my narrative, as the mission of my dear d'Avaray had been fulfilled, and the character which, after the arrest of the King, I took upon myself, seems rather to belong to the province of general history, than to a private narrative like the present. However, I have a few more recollections which I wish to introduce on this occasion, and those who may feel interest enough in the events which I record about myself, to induce them to peruse the narrative to the conclusion, will not be displeased to find them here. The distress and anguish with which the late intelligence oppressed me, may be easily conceived; I regretted the success of my own enterprise. I even felt an inclination to return to France, to submit once

more to my captivity, and to share the sorrows of my unhappy relatives; but I reflected, that without being able to serve them, I should ruin, not only myself, but, what was still dearer to me, my friend and saviour, whom nothing could induce to separate himself from me. On his part, as if sensible of my secret deliberations, he declared instantaneously, that if I was bent on returning to France, he conjured me to feel no hesitation, on his account, as he was resolved to follow me to any quarter, without the least apprehension. This new proof of his courageous devotion would have been sufficient to decide my conduct, had I not been determined already, and I ordered the postilion to drive us back to Marche. On the road, I met the

duke de Laval, whom I took into the carriage. Tears, which in the first instance would not flow, now came to my relief, and I meditated with more coolness on the mode of proceeding, which it was most prudent to adopt, in the new career which lay before me. On our arrival at Marche, we were joined by M. de Bouillé's son, who acquainted us with the details of the late transaction which dissipated all our hopes. I felt inclined, at first, to take up my residence at Brussels, but as the road from Marche to Namur, which is the shortest way, passes very near the frontiers, and as it was reported that some acts of hostility had taken place, we discussed the point, whether we might not pass by Liege. In the mean time, we inspected our arms, and, having found

that we had sixteen pistol shot to fire, a sufficient defence against a small party, we determined on returning to Namur in the caravan style. I only took the precaution to send forward M. de Betizy, one of the young gentlemen whom I mentioned above, with a message to general de Moitelle, requesting an escort of Hulans. My young friend exerted himself with such activity, the general was so prompt in his good will, and the Hulans so zealous in our cause, that they joined us at three leagues from Namur, and we arrived in that town without any other accident than breaking down once more, through the awkwardness of a postilion.

The joy that I experienced on my arrival

in meeting with madame, was embittered by reflecting on the state of the rest of our family, and the comparison which I could not refrain from making between their condition and my own. Being determined on joining the count d'Artois, I wrote him word that I was on my way to Brussels, in expectation of hearing from him, and requesting him to appoint a meeting, I dispatched two couriers to him, one by the route of Luxembourg, and the other by that of Aix-La-Chapelle. In the mean time, as I learned that the bishop of Namur proposed to receive me in his palace, and that the clergy of the Low Countries had misbehaved during the revolution, I consulted general de Moitelle, who advised me to accept the offer. We therefore quitted our inn, and

went to take up our quarters with the bishop: we found a very good supper provided for us, but met with some difficulty in the officious attentions of the bishop, who wished to make us drink more than we thought proper, particularly some anniseed, a species of ratafia, more heady than *kirsch-wasser*. On the following day, before I set out for Brussels, I wrote a letter, addressed at random to the King, the Queen, and my sister: this letter I am assured never reached its destination. My plan was now to take up my abode at Brussels, in the inn, but the archduchess would never consent to it, and she lodged us in a small house attached to her palace, as the palace itself was not fit to receive us, having been dismantled of its furniture during the late troubles.

Every Frenchman in that city requested to be presented to me, but I was in too much trouble about my unhappy family, to be in a state to receive any body. On the following day, I had a letter from the count d'Artois, announcing his approach. I went out to meet him, and, for a moment, forgot all my past troubles, my present afflictions, and my fears for the future, while I held in my arms a brother and a friend, whom our common sorrows had separated from me for nearly two years. The joy which he expressed at meeting me, gave me, perhaps, less pleasure than the reception which he gave to my dear d'Avaray. In the mean time, as we learned that the King had arrived at Paris, and that the lives of our family were safe, we

came to a resolution to appear in public, and the archduchess accommodated us with her grand apartment to receive the French. The satisfaction which they all expressed, at seeing me once more, and that which I felt myself, naturally drew my thoughts towards him, who was the author of this affecting scene, and I did not fail to pay the sacred tribute of gratitude, by proclaiming loudly the mighty obligations which I felt towards the saviour of my life. I was well repaid for this expression of my feelings, for, after the levee, all the noblesse went in a body to pay him a visit. Let me be allowed to express my opinion, that of all the flattering things which I have experienced during my life, this is the one which lies nearest to my heart. Self-love, in some de-

gree, certainly entered into the sentiment, but friendship and gratitude were the chief ingredients in my feelings. The week which I then passed at Brussels, was, perhaps, the most busy week of my life. Placed all at once at the head of one of the greatest machines that was ever called into play, I found it necessary, not only to direct the present, but to have recourse to the past, of which, during my confinement, I had no knowledge, and to turn its application to the present crisis. I am persuaded that I should never have been able to master this point without the assistance of the count d'Artois. Far from feeling any sentiments of jealousy on his side, after all the pains and trouble he had taken on himself, or from being displeased at the arrival of a colleague

that might deprive him of a part of his glory: he took every opportunity to give me information, to assist me, push me forward and procure me every consideration; in a word, he was not like a brother, but an affectionate and dutiful son. It was Charles V. throwing himself into the arms of King John after his captivity. This manifestation of sympathy was exhibited in a very affecting manner at the final audience that we gave to all the noblesse, previous to our quitting Brussels. I shall not pretend to describe the scene; my feelings were too powerful for any expression.

On the 3d of July, we set out for Liege, and took up our abode at the *Aigle noir*. As

we now had a large retinue, and the house was not very extensive, d'Avaray and myself occupied the same apartment. That circumstance, as it recalled to my mind a period not very distant, in which, travelling in the same country, we alone existed for each other on the surface of the earth, gave me a feeling of satisfaction. On the fourth, we arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, were we found the King of Sweden, who, better informed than ourselves, about the plan of the escape of the King, had repaired to this town under the pretext of seeking the waters, but with the real view of being near the theatre of those grand transactions, in which his lofty mind led him to wish to engage.

I have forgot to mention, that on his learning

the arrest of the King, he had written to me a very charming letter on the subject; and it forms an anecdote of an interesting nature, that this letter was conveyed to me by the baron de Lieven, the same who, in 1772, had announced to the late King, my grand-father, the news of the revolution that placed the crown on the head of Gustavus III.

We stopped a whole day at Aix-la-Chapelle, to converse more freely with that prince, whose great and excellent qualities we had every reason to admire. In this town I experienced a pleasure which was highly gratifying to my feelings. The count d'Hautefort, the friend of d'Avaray from his early infancy, no sooner heard of my escape, than leaving his family at

Heidelberg, where he was established, he hastened to join us, and we met him on our arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle. I was highly delighted with this attention on the part of a man who, at that time, was only, with respect to me, a very agreeable acquaintance, but I was gratified at seeing my deliverer receive a new fruit of his services to me, in recovering a friend whom he had not seen for nearly two years. His self-love may have been gratified more than once, but, in this instance, it was the pure enjoyment of the heart. I could not fail to share in his satisfaction; and since I have become better acquainted with the count d'Hautefort, I have myself derived much gratification from the connection.

On the sixth, we slept at Bonn, in the

palace of the Elector of Cologne, whom we saw at Aix-la-Chapelle; and on the 7th, we arrived at Coblentz. The Elector of Treves, my uncle, had offered the castle of Schonbornslust to the Count d'Artois before my escape, and he had now the same kindness for madame and myself. I recollected having seen him in France, nearly thirty years before. In beholding him again, I felt a sincere pleasure; and the reception which he gave us, was the forerunner of all the favours which he has bestowed both on ourselves, and on all Frenchmen, whom the desire of serving the cause of the throne and the altar, had engaged to unite themselves with us. It was at this crisis that my political life properly began. I might again close my nar-

rative at this place: but I should not be content, nor would my readers be satisfied any more than myself, if I had nothing more to communicate. Three weeks had already elapsed after my escape; and, as yet, I had done nothing for my liberator. I suffered more than I can express, from the idea that the prince should continue ungrateful, while the friend poured out his acknowledgments of gratitude. At last, I received a letter from the duke de Levis, who, after some reproaches for my leaving him in absolute ignorance, concluded by giving in his resignation. As soon as I received the letter, I ran to d'Avaray, who was astonished when I named him the successor of the Duke de Levis, and who thanked me as if I had not acquitted a most

sacred obligation by this measure, and as if I had not a thousand times more pleasure in discharging the debt, than I had in coning it.

I know not what may be the destiny of my country, or my own. But, whatever may be the dispensation of Providence respecting myself—it can never take from me, as much as it has given me, in the possession of such a friend as my dear d'Avaray.

THE END.

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